

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

*West.* Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,  
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

*War.* And *Warwicke* shall disprooue it. You forget  
That we are those that chac'd you from the field  
And slew your father, and with colours spred  
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallas gates.

*North.* No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:  
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.

*West.* *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,  
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.

*Clif.* Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,  
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,  
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.

*War.* Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

*Torke.* Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,  
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?

*King.* What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crowne?  
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*  
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.  
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,  
And made the Dolphin stoope; and seiz'd vpon  
Their Townes and Provinces.

*War.* Take not of France since thou hast lost it all.

*King.* The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,  
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

*Rich.* Yare old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose:  
Father, tear the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.

*Edw.* O so sweet father, set it on your head.

*Mont.* Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,  
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

*Rich.* Sound Drums and Trumpets; and the King will flye.

*Torke.* Peace sonnes.

*North.* Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.

*King.* Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me?  
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?  
And from two brothers lineally descende?

*of Torke and Lancaster*

Suppose by right and equity thou be King  
Thinkst thou, that I will leaue my Kingly  
Wherein my Father, and my Grandfire sa  
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my Rea  
I and our Colours often borne in France,  
And now in England (to our hearts great  
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you  
My Titles better farre than his.

*War.* Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be

*King.* Why *Henry* the fourth by conq

*Torke.* Twas by rebellion gainst his Sou

*King.* I know not what to say, my Titles  
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

*War.* What then?

*King.* Then am I lawfull King. For *Rich*  
The second, in the view of many Lords,  
Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,  
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

*Torke.* I tell thee he rose against him bei  
And made him to resigne the Crowne per

*War.* Suppose my Lord he did it vncon  
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the C

*Exet.* No, for he could not so resigne the  
But that the next heyre must succede and

*King.* Art thou against vs Duke of *Exete*  
*Exet.* His is the right, and therefore par

*King.* All will reuolt from me, and turne  
*North.* *Plantagenet*, for all the claime th

Thinke not King *Henry* shall be thus depo  
*War.* Depose he shall be in despite of

*Nor.* Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd  
Tis not thy Southerne powers of *Essex*, *Su*

And *Kent*, that makes thee thus presumpt  
Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

*Clif.* King *Henry* be thy Title right or w  
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence  
May that ground gape and swallow me ali

Suppose

I. 3.